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Nottingham gouger

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NOTTINGHAM GOUGER

INDEPENDENT LITERARY SOCIETY

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 2

These records were handwritten in 1867 by John Griest

The original copies are in the possession of Nina Stultz, Montpelier IN.

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William Edmundson
1710 Van Stone Dr.
Machesney Park, IL 61115

Where— The people of Bilbie & vicinity looked forward each week to the meeting of the Literary Society? Generally the meeting was held in the school house.

John Priest
" Edmundson
J.C. White
L.S. Hofer
Wm Eberley
Joel Gove
Jos Eberley
Ellie Poxson
Jennie Poxson
Tillie Sutton
Emma Sutton
Elyzzie Priest
Clemmie Parrott
H. H. Birdsell
Robbie Eberley
Daniel " "
Solomon White
Robert Bowman
A.C. Eberley
J.C. "
Wm Edmonson
M. Bowman
Jannette Harris
Nora Poxson 1

Wm Priest
Jane Birdsell
Ruth Bond
C. Robt Birdsell
Mary Ellen
Mary Etta Edmundson 2
B. C. Birdsell
H. "
Clara White
C. Shirk
Nathan H. Birdsell
A. Priest 3
Hattie Sutton (Koshi
P.P.S. Eberley
Rachel Ann Edmundson
Lydia A. Burr
Libbie Poxson 4
Anetta Keese
Sarah Harris
Eva Poxson
Melvin Horne 5
Nora Poxson
Lilburn Gray
John Poxson 6
Lettie Poxson

Mr Wilbie has some of the names of some of the members, & also a few of the meetings.

Secretary's Office

NOTTINGHAM GOUGER.

"Independence!"

Devoted to:
Intellectual and
Moral Improvement.

Vol. 1st | Nottingham, Ind. Mar. 15 '67 | No. 2.

The Nottingham Gouger is the organ of the Independent Debating Society organized at school house No 4 Nottingham Tp. Wells Co Ind Oct 17th 1866, and is to be issued before the society once two weeks.

Thos. C. Scott
Chas. Nathan } Editors
Nathan, Scott

From Minnesota.

We give below some extracts of a private letter to the editor of the Gouger written at Sauk Centre, Minn. by J. H. C. on the fall of '66. (ed.)

+++++ You want the plain simple fact" do you? Well I cannot see things in any other way than by my own eyesight, Cannot lift the veil and look into the future more easily or more correctly than others, and in all I say you must bear in mind that it is only my judgment in the matter. Some things I can say, however, as facts that need no exercise of judgment. First about the timber. Sauk Centre is situated at the border of timber known as "the big woods" a small strip of timber about 300 miles long by about 40 miles wide on an average. At this time there is plenty of timber land subject to entry, or homestead within from 3 to 6 miles of here.

As to the quality of the timber generally, it is not so good as the Indiana timber, but answers very well all ordinary purposes. Mr Syfert says it is very good wagon timber. Our lumber right here, is mostly oak, Ash and Basswood; but some 25 or 30 miles from here there is plenty of good pine lumber at from $12, to $20 per thousand.

Stone is scarce — none for building purposes near here. Lime is of a good quality but scarce and of the pebble, or rounded kind mostly. Do not know the price. There is good clay for brick; one kiln already burnt.

So far as I have seen or can learn, the roads cannot be beat in the world any time of year. They are far superior to the roads about Marion. Too much sand there.

As to Chances for home steads &c. In the immediate vicinity of this town, the soil is not very good. It is too sandy, not such a sand however, as is about Marion, but a kind of black sand that packs hard and makes splendid roads. And in fact, along most of the streams, and along the lakeshores, the soil is of this nature. It produces very good crops while new, and in a wet season, but I fear it will not last well. Some, however, think otherwise.

There are some very nice lakes, which contain fish in numerable, but the chances for claims of prairie, timber and water all joining cannot be found near this place, as all such chances are taken.

Of course a man can get such places second handed. But, as I have already intimated, the soil is not so good along the lakes. The water is very good in the wells. Have to dig from 20 to 30 feet. The soil on the prairie all over the country so far as I have been, and away from the lakes and streams, is of the very best quality — deep rich loam with a good clay subsoil. Though the country is not flat, there is an abundance of splendid meadow land. I think there is 50, or 60 acres of splendid grass land on each of my (exchange quarter

I located about four miles from timber (i.e. timber at government prices) just because the land suited me better. All the timber I want is for firewood and posts, as it is cheaper to fence with lumber. By going 20 to 30 miles from here it is said a man can get timber, prairie adventurer coming, but it is good enough for me here.

The crops look pretty well for a dry season, but here and all over the state crops are not as heavy as usual on account of the very dry summer.

They raise the same kinds of grains here that they do in other portions of the state, and to as good an advantage. The market, so far, is a home market. Such a large emigration that it consumes all people have to spare. Then the "Red River country" off north west of us, demands a large amount of provisions &c, and we supply them to some extent. They are "half breeds," French &c. &c, who live principally by trapping, hunting &c. &c.

The Mississippi River is navigable, practically, only to St. Paul, though they used to run a boat (a small steamer) up as far as St. Cloud, sixty miles from here. They are at work on the R.R. of which you spoke at the time. The cars are now running as far as Big Lake, (we understand that the cars are now running to St. Cloud, and a daily stage to Sauk Centre. We understand that the grant is so far changed or the Charter, that instead of its running to Crow-Wing, they can, if they choose, run it up the Sauk Valley. Every thing is favorable to the change. The country is very much better, and there is much more demand for a road here than there, and account of the Red River trade, which is no trifling affair, so they say. I expect to see the cars running here in the course of two or three years, and that is as soon as I care about it.

Now about the game question. The game here is not of the large or noble kind.

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Bear, Elk, Deer, Geese, Ducks, Cranes, Swans, Chickens &c. &c.

There are no Indians near here. They sometimes come in during the winter to trade furs and skins for gun and blankets, &c. Besides the common game is selling rapidly so fast that Indians near will soon stand a very poor chance and a fight.

Now what a man can do with a few hundred dollars in this country you can't as well as I can. The place is improving very fast indeed in every respect.

Shops do very well here and are becoming quite common. Corn with about $6. per head. Horses are worth from 150 to 200 $, each. Cattle (work) about $125. to 175 $ per yoke. Cows $40. to 60. &c. + + +

Tell those ladies to come on and take Homesteads and I will show them around the country. I would not care if some nice young lady would jump on my claim. By Homestead I mean, for it joins my other quarter. I would have neighbors + + + + + + + + + Could I have my choice, to be set down here with $25. cash in my pocket, and had had no other object in view only to make money, I would say put me down here. Besides, the health of the two places, no comparison. + + + + + The place is settled mostly by Americans, but I understand that the Roman Catholics are going to build a brick meeting house next summer. The Methodists have regular preaching here every sabbath. I believe + + + + + + You see there are disadvantages, as well as advantages. I cannot think of any. I might give you some of the disadvantages in old Dak. has to labor under, in every country, but that might not be what you want. O yes, the musquetoes are very bad at times, and the bed-bugs act outrageously. It is said they frequently pull travelers right out of bed, at the hotels and demand their lodging. + + Those who have lived both places, say the snow does not drift so badly here as in the southern part of the state. A Methodist minister who wintered in this part of the state five winters, told me he never found any trouble in getting to his appointments, and that he always had found it difficult, and sometimes impossible in the southern part of the state.

Selected. For the Banner.

He Lives.

By H. Bonard, D.D.

Thou must be true thyself
If thou the truth would'st teach;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another soul would'st reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

H. H. Bonard

Think truly, and thy thought shall
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

For the Gouger

I suppose I must see if I can contribute something for the support of your columns, but what to write I do not know. I stop to think, and thought to come crowding up thick and fast, but utterance. But they are so blunt, rough and confused that I can scarcely put them on paper so that they will mean any thing, or can be understood. Now the thought comes to me: can we tell what we know? After thinking on this subject and revolving it in my mind, I come to the conclusion that we can tell what we know if we know it aright. No doubt I will meet with opposition here on this point. But so much the better "opposition is the life of trade." I have made the assertion now for the practical mind that I made the assertion thus: that we can tell what we know if we know it aright. We may skim over a subject, think we understand it perfectly, we may even have a faint impression on the mind. But when we come to call upon this subject, or want to express it, we find to our sorrow and shame very often, that it is not there. Then we find that we do not know it, and why? because it is not learned thoroughly. Take for instance a theorem in Algebra. You may go over it, think you understand it thoroughly and perhaps may be able to solve some simple problem immediately connection with the theorem, and pass it for a learned. But when we would refer to this principle seperate, and apart from the rule we find to our chagrin & mortification that we did not learn it aright. Just so with every thing else, unless it is inculcated into our very existence and becomes, as it were, a part of our nature.

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We all know that before food will nourish the physical system it must be taken into the stomach, digested and thus converted into blood, and then taken up by the lacteals and conveyed through the system and become a part of our physical organization, then it will strengthen us, as the food.

So it is with subject matter for the cultivation and strengthening of the mind. It must first be taken into the mind, then digested, and thus converted into blood, and then taken up by the lacteals and conveyed through the system and become a part of our mental organization, then it will strengthen us, as the food.

For the Conger

Ah! gone, gone, youth, health, comfort, life, all gone. What a short sunny year never mine. Oh! happy, happy time, when not a shadow of sorrow ever crossed my path, or a sinful wish or thought ever entered my little innocent heart never ripe then it will reap the harvest. And then it seems but yesterday, since bright, merry youth with all its rosy dreams and witching pleasures, the blissful enjoyment of that time. The associations of dear friends, and an unbroken circle that nightly gathered round the hearth-stone, and made the hours of even glide swiftly by. Oh! I did not think then that age would come so soon, and like the autumn frost, blight and wither all the flowers of youth, and bring withered locks, wrinkled brow, and palsied frame. Strength has fled, sight is lost, and reason has almost fled. Where are the golden tresses that were once the pride of my life? Where are the sparkling eyes, the glow of health upon the cheek, the light, merry heart, all that rendered life so charming

so charming. Are all gone? Yes, all gone. Three score years and ten, all spent in vanity, have passed like a meteor, and left me shivering on the brink of an awful grave.

Yes, death is staring me in the face. I feel his cold, frightful touch. Home, friends, and wealth are mine. All through my life, what a comfort, what a blessing they have been, but now they cannot silence the voice of the grim monster. Oh! the horrors of a dying hour! The awful, the dreadful thoughts of eternity that will intrude themselves upon me. I pray for annihilation, for anything but this terrible death.

Where is the peace, the joy, the ecstacy, that some enjoy in death? Why Ethel! I not spend the bright sunny years of youth, so that this hour might have been crowded with reminiscences of a holy life, instead of vain regrets. But I was living, living for the present, I cared not for the future. Oh! blessed hours return, I cannot—dare not die! Where have you gone? Oh! echo sends me back but a wail back through the flowery plains of the past, comes a cold, hollow moan! never, never more! never more!

Morning's gentle light shone through the lattice, & the sweet breeze came sweeping by, and brought the light, sweet notes of a little bird—light warbler.

I awoke! ——— and the years were still upon me, and Oh! never was there a more thankful heart, for so rich a blessing. But never shall I forget the indescribable horrors of a wasting life, with no hope for the future, no solace in that dying hour.

Victoria Seneret.

Wanted!

A shoe for the foot of a mountain.
A glove for the hand of a statue.
A million to cover the finger of Scorn.
A bleed from an army of men.
A piece of the horn of a Unicorn.
Also, some leaves from the branch of a River, & some hairs from the head of Vegetation.
But especially some cream from the milk of Human kindness.—address—H. A. S. through the A. Keeper, & Co. either wants.
Two quills, pens from the wings of time, to write the chapters of the Rolling Years Songs

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